

Essence of Roses.

BY HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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"Rosewater, name call it," said the gentle voice from the depths of the sun-baked. "But it comes over the still, drop by drop." And down the gingham vista you saw a face as sweet as a rose itself, but a faded, a withered rose. For Sally Lavender, with the long, pressure of her troubles had fallen into the same leaf. But if not much of the beauty of her youth was left, as I heard my mother say, there had grown in her face another sort of beauty that even to the eye of a child was loveliness.

She used to come down to the port, from the shore above, every now and again, sometimes on the milkman's wagon, sometimes in a boat that

shore people thought, as I knew my mother did, that it was fortunate for Sally that her Polly was at rest. But Sally never left off missing those ardent embraces of the little arms, that passion of tears and kisses after the wild frolics, and she always left as if Polly had been defrauded of her share of life, and in some blind way as if she had herself defrauded her—perhaps in giving her birth, since Humphrey was her father.

But Humphrey himself was quite enough in those days for Sally's hands, with the disordered blaze of his brain burned down into imbecility. Now, his old rages over, he followed his wife round like some household animal, forgetting his speech, forgetting everything but his love for her. He went out with her in rambles through wood and lane in quest of her smiles, protecting

stirred about getting supper, vexed at she knew not what, the honey-suckle odors coming in the window, the smell of the smoke from the pine kindling, had a vague feeling that Iry had not realized all his ideals, and she was some more shortening into the biscuit. But Ann was right about Sally. For her own sake, Sally had not a regret. In her sacrificial spirit it would have seemed a hardship had any other guarded Humphrey—one who might have been less tender with him; one who might have made the shame and trouble and poverty a reproach to him, one who might have done as Iry Hodge had wanted and have put him away to lonely misery in a madhouse. Although Sally had soothed him in his wild moods, and now that the flames were ashes tended him in his half-imbecile ones, yet in some inexplicable way her mother-yearning was

although she meant to hide her future store. They're good boys, Sally. They thought the jam was fine. So did I. They put the rosewater on their hair, an' slicked up. They like the cherry-bounce. I'm a little under the weather, but the thing to treat boys to, was it, Sally? It sometimes makes me feel myself as if—as if, you know, the world was being round the other way. I thought—afterwards, I thought—I would maybe strike them silly. You listening, Sally? They're just the age our Polly was. Sally! What's become of Polly? And then Sally could endure no more and she burst into tears. She was crying, Humphrey sitting up in bed, took her in his arms and rocked to and fro, his eyes blazing in the moonlight that streamed through the still five miles up a wild man of the woods, with a white, thin, helpless creature in his arms. Ly and by, in a pause, he said, "Sally, don't think of anything but me. Humphrey was asleep. She freed herself and pulled the pillows around to support her head. She was crying, and pitiful as her distress was, she felt that this condition of Humphrey's was better than the old days of agony. She opened her eyes, and a dumb silence, when for long spaces he uttered no syllable, but glared with eyes the more terrible on one who, with the can of the worry, the sleepless nights, the sorrow. Now, the moon hung in the window, looking upon her like a gracious friendly spirit promising peace, and Sally repeated to herself the text that in some occult way gave her comfort, and took heart of grace. The new moon, and her slender arm still clasped around Humphrey, as a mother folds her baby even in her dreams, she slept at last herself.

But there were other people on the shore that night. Iry Hodge was not sleeping. "This is really—as you might say—'there's no need in it,' Humphrey's story, and I'm sure, while even Ann tossed and turned in her dream. For that after-noon, when Iry Hodge, the little lad who had longed to catch the birds, the delight of both their hearts, had been led home by Miss Rhody, a great deal more than a boy, he sat up and sipped, and with feet treading the air. And they had put him to bed, and had sat down, all three crying together.

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wrong out of tears and pangs. A feeling of this had hardly begun in the country, and Aunt Pamela was no better than her day. All she knew was that there was a private still somewhere up along the shore; that it belonged to a woman named Sally Lavender, whose husband was making drunkards of little boys; and it was against the law to have a private still. At least she believed it was against the law. And at any rate she would destroy the still first, and see about the law afterwards.

She called a meeting of the Tabitha-styled tabbies by the irreverent—and after assuring them that the matter of changing their name to that of the Martha Washingtons could wait awhile, she laid before them the monstrous fact that boys were being ruined by the possession of a still five miles up the river, and that, of course, their own boys were in danger, near as they were drunkards, and she moved that they send a constable at once for the destruction of that tool of evil, and she asked that it be a vote.

"But Pamela!" cried my mother, hurrying in as soon as she heard of it. "You are all off. It is nothing of the sort. She is a poor woman who sells herbs and distills rosewater."

"I never heard that rosewater intoxication," said my mother, "but I know her—I am very fond of her—I buy a great deal of her."

"I know you refused to join our society, but you needn't be so buying stimulants, Emily," said my aunt. "Stimulants!" exclaimed my mother, out of all patience. "Sweet little Sally Lavender's essence of roses! I gave you a jar of her potpourri!"

"Yes, and it is reeking with alcohol!" cried my mother, who was making herself out to be a very good woman. "With that still, I suppose, where she makes the cherry brandy that has turned the hearts of all the mothers in the village who are seeing their boys turned into little beasts by her machinations!"

"O Pamela, this is really too ridiculous!" said my mother, with her eyes fixed on the shore in the chaise—my cousin Lester and I following, unnoticed in her usual anxiety, on a milk wagon whose good-natured driver pretended that we were pirates who had over- come him and were forcing him to take us where we wished.

But my mother was just too late. The constable had arrived first, and had confronted the bewildered Sally, who had demanded the still. And Humphrey, understanding nothing but that the defense of the still was in question, had thrown himself upon the man with all his maniacal force. The still had been ruined in the struggle; the man had been borne to the ground, but seriously hurt; and in his fury Humphrey had broken a vessel on his brain.

Sally was on the grass of the little garden plot, holding Humphrey's head upon her breast. It was of a bright June afternoon. I remember now all the picture of the moment—it struck me more than the feeling did—the sky of that tender blue which verges toward evening, the roses clambering over the high trellis behind, the great, fragrant, blushing roses that Sally had trained there, shaking in the soft wind with a great cruel rustling, the little, still woman who seemed to see nothing in all the world but the face upon her breast—that strange, dark face whose burning eyes were fixed on hers with a complete intelligence.

The doctor, for whom Iry Hodge had run, was on his knees, holding Humphrey's head, and Ann and Miss Rhody and Libby and Tom Brier—I knew them all afterward—were with my mother by the big white rose bush, crying and trembling together. Humphrey was calmly dying, and Sally knew nothing of any words but that the sound of his name was a mystery she seemed to be treading with him. The gust of sweet briar tossing in the wind brings it all before me now, the faces of the frightened children at the gate, the cries of the men far off launching a little sloop on the late tide, the sense of a great dance, something out of the light, and a singular stillness close at hand, broken only by that strange murmur of Humphrey's voice.

"What's he saying?" it's a hard road you've trod with me." "O no, O no, my dear."

"You've gone along with seven devils. There's a high one an' cast 'em out at last! Sally, I'd order have saved you from it in the beginning."

"O Humphrey, there hasn't been a day I haven't been glad I was with you!"

"Sally," he murmured again, with stifling lips. "Sally, I never meant harm to a soul."

"O, I know it." "And I loved you always," he said, presently.

"It won't be heaven till you come," he whispered again, after a moment or two.

He lay a little while looking up at her eyes, with a deep smile growing into his face. Then the eyelids fell a trifle; the glance rested on a space of clear pale sky full of an infinite distance. "What a lovely world!" cried my mother, and she was gone.

It was little leather at the gate with its wall of white, and Sally sat looking into the clear space as if she journeyed after Humphrey into that infinite distance.

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